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secured the most experienced and skillful workmen
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THE TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

HOSTILE ALIKE TO THE DESPOT AND DEMAGOGUE. FEARLESS FOR TRUTH, FOR GOD, AND HUMANITY.

VOL. X,

TIFFIN, OHIO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1857.

NO. 5.

Poetry.

The Old Continental.
The following lines of Longfellow stir the
blood and almost bring before us the picture of
the fight:

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grander ones were lunging,
And like halibuts fell the plunging
Cannon shot,
Where the files
Of the
From the smoky night encampment,
Before the banner of the rampart
Uloomed;
And grimmer, grimmer, grimmer,
Rolled the "roll" of the drummer,
Thro' the morn.
Then with eyes in the front of all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And the flames flashed, really
Blazed the fires;
As the swift
Billows drift,
Drove the dark battle breakers
O'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain.
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracks the black powder,
All around;
Then like, amidst the thir of fuses
Lashed the red St. George's
Cannon.
And the villainous salpêtre
Rang a fierce, discordant metre,
Round their ears;
Like the roar
On the shore
Raid the horse guard's clangor
As they rode in roaring anger
On our ranks;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burst the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks.
Then the old fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud,
And the broad sword was swing- ing,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud;
And the blue
Bullets flew
A: "the upper jackets red- den
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle's breath!"
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six pounder,
Hurled death!

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down prince street, hey? and now down
Crosby. What do you live in this alley?
Oh, never fear, little Costa Diva, I shall
lead safely enough while this little hand
leads me. Ugh! how many more flights
are there?—only two! Well, I can climb
them if you can. So, is this the door?
"Ouh, and is it you, sir, that would be
after coming to see a poor woman at this
hour. Will you be seated, sir," said
Bridget, wiping a wooden chair with her
apron. "Your shirts were not ironed to
be suiting ye, may be?"
"Shirts all right, Bridget. I came to
bring home your little girl, and to ask
you something about her. She has been
singing to me. Will you tell me where
she came from?"
"Ye take a deal of trouble for a lone bit
of a child, indeed, sir; but her story is
not so very long. She lived with a fur-
ren woman, in the room below, named
Theresa. The woman she was waiting
maid in Lauretta's family, in Italy, some-
where, and while she was out with the
child, then only two years old, for the
sake of the air, there came a big row
in the city, and the child's father was in
the middle of it, and got hit; and then she
reached the house, all in a fright, sure it
was on fire and the mother of it gone, and
niver was she able to find it. So she
kept the child and came to America with
it; for she heard how the streets were
paved with gold, and when she came and
found nary gold nor food but for the work-
ing, she had to go to work, as well as we
poor creatures do; an' she took in wash-
ing in the one room below stairs; but niver
a bit would she let the child do for it-
self; but waited on it like a slave, and on-
ly taught it to sing, as its mother did be-
fore it," she said; and last year Theresa
died. This poor creature took on so bad
that I took her myself, only I'll be bring-
in' her up differently, intirely; I'll teach
her to earn her bread; at any rate, and so
I send her out every day, to sing to the
good folks, an' makes her help me to car-
ry around the clothes, and that is all, sir."

"It was very good in you, Bridget, to
take the little orphan; you have saved her
from a sad fate; you will be rewarded by
my depend."

Bridget raised her eyebrows and
dropped a courtesy, while little Costa
Diva, as Mr. Patron then, and ever since
called her, hid her face in the bed and
sobbed to hear her own story related."

The kind gentleman looked at her tend-
erly, and then continued:
"I have a plan for this poor child, which
will relieve you of your charge, and repay
you for your goodness of heart. Good
night, little one! I'll come to-morrow—
Dry your tears, for I will yet make you
happy. Here, Bridget, is some money
for you, and be sure you do not send her
out to sing again. I have something bet-
ter for her to do."

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and
her mouth opened wide—for she was all
mystified and bewildered.

An hour later and Mr. Patron is again
seated in an easy chair before his bright
coal fire, with his dressing gown once
more folded around him. The only dif-
ference is that he smiles instead of sigh-
ing as he did before.

"Ah, yes," he says, "I see my way clear.
I can now, without hesitation, call upon
Madame Victor in her room, to interest
her about my little Costa Diva. I will
tell her the story and engage her to cul-
tivate the voice of my little protegee. I
will see her to-morrow morning, and per-
haps she will accompany me to Bridget's
lodgings. Not a very romantic walk to
invite the lady of my heart to share, but
then the circumstances are peculiar."

"Now I think of it, I must engage of
my landlady, the little bedroom next to
mine. I am determined to adopt that
singing chorus for my own. I will change
her name to Costa Diva Patron. It sounds
musical, and she is musical herself. If
sweet Madame Victor only sees in her
what I do, we shall be an amazing happy
family. I shall find enough to do with
my money after all."

And so he goes to bed and dreams of
his future joys till he fairly laughs out
in his sleep.

Now it is morning, and if you will put
your head out of your door, you can see
him walking along the hall. He stops at
No. 36—knocks gently, but the rich toned
piano, touched by a thrilling hand, does
not allow so love-like a tap to be heard—